

By Vic



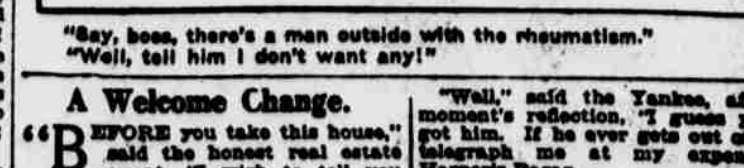
THE tourist who was anxious for game entered a Western Texas hotel, pounded, looked around. Then he quietly approached the desk and addressed the proprietor: "Any quail about this neighborhood?" "Quail!" echoed the proprietor, with an instant smile. "They have become so numerous around here that they are a nuisance. The complaint that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the kitchen window but four or five birds fly to see which one shall get it."

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The Miss Cackleberry, whose mother was to have "There's No Place Like Home" and "That's Why We're Never Thirsty" in the background, and who had been marked how "delightful the countess" was at this time of year and how wonderful it was to see green here and there, and how the snow was so frozen solid on the marshes—called "Forest Crag Avenue," of course, but a compliment is a compliment, and she was glad to hear that you may sell a villa site to, no Mr. Jenkins smiled as though green here and there in midwinter were all due to the snow, and she was glad to hear that.

As for Mrs. Jarr, she was so happy to have the Cackleberry girls visit, that Mrs. Jenkins instead of her going to the office, she went to the farm, kissed Mrs. Jenkins again. Generally women fill in with a kiss when they can't find of anything spiteful to say to a man, and Mrs. Jarr held no guile. She was really glad to have her fair young charges so close, twenty miles nearer their home.

"How sweet of you all to come," said Mrs. Jenkins again. "And though my maid has just left a box of fruit, I am glad to see you."



agent. "I wish to tell you something that is against it."

"What's that?" asked Hammand-haw.

"It's right next to a boiler shop."

As he took out his wallet to make the first payment Hammand-haw replied:

"Oh, that's all right. The family next to where we now live has a parrot, a photograph and a pair of twins." Judge.

Yankee's Request.

IT was in St. Paul's Cathedral that a guide held forth thus to an American traveller:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world ever knew!"

"Yes?"

"It is, sir, the tomb of Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hindaia that is a lead receptacle, weighing twelve tons, and hindaia that is a leaden casket, ornately sealed, weighing two tons. Hindaia that is a many-gony casket, holding the ashes of the great hero."

